South Carolina's Newsweekly

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A surfeit of politics

The primary elections scrutinized

on pages 4, 6, 7 and 9

Bryan Dorn on election night

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Horace Smith

The moral crusader

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Opinion

Commentary on politics

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

A restless mood

I'm going out on a limb to predict that Dick Riley and Nancy Stevenson will wake up winners on June 28. This is not too profound a prognostication, but it says something about how politics is changing in South Carolina, and the change bodes well for Pug Ravenel in November.

No one really expected Riley to be snapping at Brantley Harvey's heels by election day. But there he was, with a strong showing where it had been expected and a stronger showing where it hadn't. With the apparant addition of Tom Turnipseed (suddenly grown respectable) and Bryan Dorn to his team, Riley has all the momentum going his way. For, let it be said, Harvey put on a poor performance for someone who has had four years, wads of money and easy access to the media to use to his advantage.

Stevenson also did better than expected, but her showing is a bit more problematic; it remains to be seen how much of the "Smith" vote was split between Tom and Horace, and how much she got simply because she was a woman. One thing, though is clear; the liberal and moderate supporters of Tom Smith will vote for Stevenson before the reactionary Horace Smith. This ought to give the race to Stevenson.

Now, why does this auger well for Ravenel? After all, the experts are saying Pug did rather badly, garnering only a tad over 50 per cent against two nobodies and one aging, enigmatic hatchet man.

If the votes for Riley and both Stevenson and Tom Smith say anything about, first, the temper, and second, the concerns of the electorate, Pug can take solace in the fact that his appeal and his spiel are touching these same areas. Riley, Stevenson and T. Smith all talked about honesty, integrity, openness and a concern for human issues. Pug is doing the same thing. His 1974 image was most sharply defined around the themes of uncorruptability and ethical purity. This image is lingering in the public mind.

Stevenson and T. Smith, in different ways, also addressed the economic concerns people share today; Stevenson by emphasizing fiscal accountability within government and Smith by talking about new industry, more jobs and better wages.

These are the same things Pug is saying throughout the state.

Perhaps most important, though, is that fact that three non-mainstreamers--reformer Dick Riley, aggressive woman Nancy Stevenson and liberal Tom Smith--were able to command very large numbers of votes from an electorate persumed to be still in the Dark Ages. The establishment candidate, Brantley Harvey, lit no fires and failed to capture the imaginations of the voters who responded to Riley's appeal for a new political ethic and content. Bryan Dorn also called for more openness and honesty appeals that should transfer well into support for Riley.

These three rather unconvenional faces - Riley, Stevenson and T. Smith - got votes from people who will probably have a hard time voting for Strom Thurmond. The fact that Riley and Stevenson look good for next

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Cheap Shots

Horace Smith's morality play

The Democratic Lt. Governor's run-off has suddenly become a morality play, with Rep. Nancy Stevenson representing the forces of evil against Horace Smith's legions of the good! There has never before been any recognizable kinship between South Carolina politics and morals, so what is going on?

Well, it seems Smith has taken umbrage at a book co-authored by Stevenson, and has decided to try and make political hay by appealing to attitudes which were popular during the Spanish Inquisition, but are *passe* today; namely, fanatical religious prurience.

Stevenson published a book called "Savage Summer" earlier this year, the third of a string of gothic romances, a genre which is founded on the art of titillation. The book has a troop of religious tribal types invading a beach, engaging in rites of copulation and generally wreaking havoc. There's the ususal romantic, unrequited love. The book is no work of art. On the other hand, only the mind of a born-again petty tyrant could call it pornographic.

Smith, though, is careening around the state screeching that the person who wrote this stuff doesn't belong in the exalted office of Lt. Governor; that good Christian folk - the kind who watch the sexy trash on TV, perhaps - must unite to keep such a moral demon out of high position. He fully intends to make Stevenson's book an issue in the run-off.

This, frankly, is the stuff of a desperate man, flailing against the spectre of a second consecutive defeat and turning, in his throes, to the narrow-minded demagogery which the state has hopefully outgrown.

Although the fundamental ethical structure of a person seeking public office is of legitimate concern to voters, it is ridiculous to argue that Stevenson's book represents personal immorality or an inability to respond to a public trust. Perhaps the vigilant Senator Smith would like to condemn the author of the Book of Genesis, which presents more sex than a gothic novelist would think of portraying? The idea that a recognition of sex is the same thing as sanctioning immorality and licentiousness belongs in the pulpit, where you're expected to be narrow minded, and not in a political candidate.

If Nancy Stevenson wrote books applauding political corruption, I'd worry. If she had spent over a decade in the State Senate and accomplished as little as Horace Smith, I'd worry. The fact that she wrote a book portraying sexual habits among a group of religious zealots is no cause for concern; you can't dismiss real things by invoking the Bible and pretending they don't exist. If illicit affairs shock the Senator, he must have stayed in a continual tizzy during his years in the State House; maybe he's just now finding his tongue and the tide of moralism just happens to be directed toward his opponent?

Anyway, it's a stupid and small business. It's a blatant attempt to appeal to the ultra-religious citizen who confuses candor with heresy. Let's hope the voter's don't confuse complacent conservatism with tough activism on June 27.

Later in the week, Smith resorted to another popular smear tactic; namely, depicting his opponent as a "northern liberal" out of touch with what real South Carolinians are thinking.

The same ploy was used by John Bolt Culbertson against Pug Ravenel during the campaign for the Democratic Senate nomination. It was good for a few laughs then, as it is now, but says more about the mentality of the accuser than the accused in the end.

In a news release last Friday, Smith called Stevenson a "wealthy New York writer," and "one of the most liberal candidates ever to stand for statewide office."

"She votes liberal down the line" the Senator from Spartanburg said. Smith's strategy is clear; paint himself as the representative of right-thinking true-at-heart South Carolinians, and Stevenson as a moral vagabond, an interloper from the north duping the voters. In the past it has been possible to get quite a bit of mileage out of this theme; Strom Thurmond will

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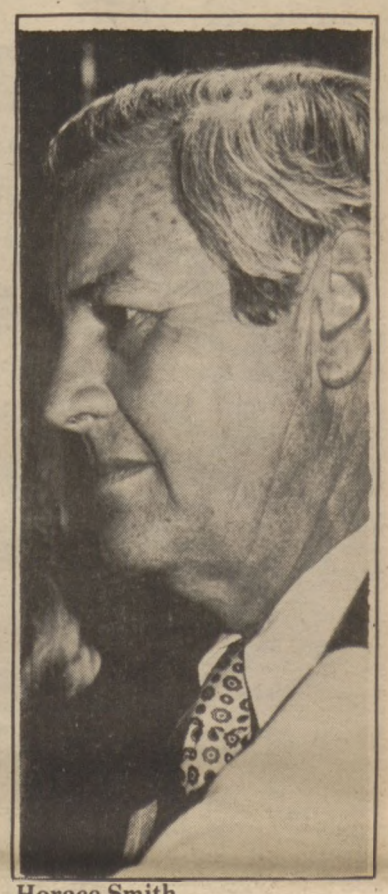

Horace Smith

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Cheap Shots

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surely try and use it against Ravenel.

It's really taking the low road, though, and ultimately has nothing to do with where a candidate stands on the issues or where they see the state going.

People like Horace Smith need to be put out to pasture.

The realms of incoherence

Some people suffer from what might be called inverse intelligability; the less they say, the more sense they make, and the more they say, the less they're coherent. And poor Reed Irvine, chairman of the Washington "Accuracy in Media" organization, is a victim of this affliction.

A few weeks ago one of the wire services carried his remarks to a Sea Island, Ga. meeting of the United States Industrial Council. We presume the introductions went okay, but things got rapidly out of hand thereafter.

Corporations should cease advertising in publications that foster anti-big business attitudes, Irvine says. Also, publications that espouse anti-American ideals should feel the mighty sword of avenging business.

"Businessmen can and should actively combat those who are using the great power that their positions in the news media give them to undermine the free enterprise system and damage the reputation of business," the man said as the laws of inverse intelligability began to take effect. "If large advertisers were to subscribe to such a policy, there is not the slightest doubt that they would make even such media giants as CBS, The New York Times and The Washington Post pull up their socks..." he raved on:

There is a tiny problem, though, which Irvine forgot to mention; just a little obstacle in the way of his plan to use big advertising to control what people read and hear; it's called the First Amendment to the Constitution.

That document, you remember, says nothing about freedom of speech so long as you say sweet things about corporate giants. It doesn't mention your rights hinging upon whether Gulf and Ford like what you're saying. It talks about freedom of speech, period. Maybe Irvine ought to glance at it when he has a free minute between stoking up on corporate evangelism and spouting the twisted arguments thereof.

Man, would we all be in trouble if we listened to everyone who claims to be concerned with "Accuracy in Media." Irvine's organization ought, instead, to be called "Kowtowing to the Green Giants."

A bungled job

Precincts were hopping around faster than an undecided voter on a voting machine when the Richland County Democrats tried to tally results June 13.

It seems that the party workers released results for the House District 81 race but neglected to include the Hopkins precinct in the totals. This didn't change the results of the election. Julius Murray, a Richland County councilman, still unseated Rep. George Wilson. But more than 500 votes, about 18 percent of the total, were involved in the error.

Another goof occurred when someone put the votes for the North Forest Acres precinct in the totals for House District 74 race. This didn't change the results in the race, which ended in a run off between

Rep. I.S. Leevy Johnson and Tom Broadwater, a Columbia attorney.

Richard Sullivan, county party chairman, has no explanation for the mistakes other than the obvious; someone put the figures in the wrong place.

With that kind of attention to detail, its a good thing machines are counting the ballots and not the folks down at Democratic headquarters.

White Bwana in Africa

Governor Jim Edwards isn't the only apologist for South Africa in the state of South Carolina. The editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, Arthur M. Wilcox, has apparantly joined the ranks.

Wilcox recently spent some time in South Africa and ran the first of four scheduled pieces on his visit in the June 16 paper. There was nothing noteworthy about it; it was full of the typical conservative platitudes and devoid of any awareness of the human reality of apartheid, as is usually the case with white establishmentarians who write from the "Mount Nelson hotel, a comfortable, service-conscious, Victorian mecca for African visitors..."

It is rather doubtful that the grim countenance of racial oppression intrudes into the plush foyer of the grand old Mount Nelson, or that guests come face to face with indignities blacks and "coloreds" endure every day of their lives. No, it must be said, the old Mount Nelson is hardly the place from which to write an incisive commentary on South Africa today.

But there sits Wilcox,; ah, we can see him now. Great White Bwana, with helmet struck down close above the eyes to shade the wicked African heat, perhaps a blunderbuss cradled in his right arm while

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Statewide

Great expectations in the Marco Polo Room

Grasping the Riley upsurge with Dorn, the Turnip, the high and the low

by Val Stieglitz

The impossible was happening and its witnesses were in the Marco Polo room of the Carolina Inn last Tuesday as the election returns limped in. Dick Riley was actually - well, not quite winning, but yapping at the heels of the cool front-runner in the Democratic Governor's race, Brantley Harvey. And the crowd in the Marco Polo room (where in heaven's name did they dig that name up? To jive with the Oriental motif of the Jade East Lounge? Where yet another nameless squad of travelling singers were performing while Riley and Raymon Finch were holding election night fests on the second floor...) was there bearing witness to what was, really, quite a political miracle. It was a microcosm of the Riley campaign itself, right there on the floor of the ballroom before four tv sets, several kegs of beer and a pay-as-you-drink bar; essentially unorganized, motion coming as almost a matter of chance as key celebrities edged to and fro across the floor dragging groups of admirers, acquaintances and on-lookers in their tow. There was no Election Central. News spread invisibly, by word of mouth. If you caught a first report from a young blonde near a tv, then migrated to a far corner of the room and waited for the same news to reach you there, you'd find that Dick had picked up four points between the time the blonde turned your way and said with a big grin, "He's at 32," to the time some faceless political groupie stumbled by and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "He's hanging tough at 36."

Every now and then an Official Riley Person would shout for silence, look meaningfully at a piece of paper with numbers scribbled on it, and intone the latest, Most Official tallies. As Riley gained ground, the crowd coursed with yells and clapping. The man was on the move. No doubt about it.

For a long, long time, the Riley campaign had wallowed in the deep mud of comedy; which is fine at Carnival time in Rio but won't put you in the Governor's office in South Carolina. Maybe he had taken a wrong turn at one of those utterly desolate, deserted crossroads in the back-country and gone on to spend three months campaigning in North Carolina? Picture it if you can; Dick Riley, serious, issues-oriented man, shaking hands with tobacco farmers in Waxhaw, N.C., the sun beating down as he outlines his concern over the Public Service Commission, public education and campaign disclosure. The farmers being polite, maybe spitting a little tobacco at their feet, smiling and nodding, wondering why they hadn't heard of this Riley fellow before. Then Dick hops back in the car with Bill deLoach and they head for, say, Wadesboro, a little deeper into the Tarheel State. "They didn't seem to know there was a governor's race on," Dick says. "Yeah," says Bill. "You know how country folk is."

But no, this is really too much to believe.

There was no fire to the Riley campaign, though, until Tom Turnipseed pulled out of the race in may. Months of campaigning had brought Riley between eight and about 12 percent voter recognition, depending on which poll you believed. The question of whether he could win was moot. It seemed more appropriate to ask whether he was perhaps campaigning under a pseudonym, so few voters admitted to knowing who he was.

Strangely, though, many of the Riley workers weren't worried. And, they report, Dick himself was even less concerned. He seemed to be full of serene confidence, as one staffer put it. Marion Brown, his press secretary, kept putting out those long, dense statements on the issues and Dick kept addressing crowds in his high-pitched monotone and the whole thing was wrapped up repeatedly when you'd ask people who they were going to vote for; "I'd like to see Riley get it," they'd say. "But he doesn't have a chance." The campaign became saddled with this fatalistic kind of stigma; Dick Riley as a sharp and proven fighter for reform, who had absolutely no chance of being elected Governor of the State of South Carolina. This assessment was heard over and over, and it began to look like the Riley campaign would just die a quiet death and Harvey would ride unmarked into the Governor's office.

Dick Riley exalts

Because early in the race - well into May - Harvey looked strong. In twenty years of politics he's spoken to just about every civic club in the state. After four uneventful but respectable years as Lt. Governor it was pretty much expected - Earle Morris to the contrary - that he would slide right into the top spot. He had hired a professional strategist and a professional fund-rasier and both did incredible jobs, according to top Harvey advisers. Harvey entered the campaign with over $500,000 in his treasury, and three foes who promised to split the moderate, left and fringe votes. He must have already been calling himself "Governor" in the mirror.

But something went wrong. Something went direly wrong and now it looks like Brantley Harvey will be a very fortunate man if he comes out on top in next Tuesday's run-off.

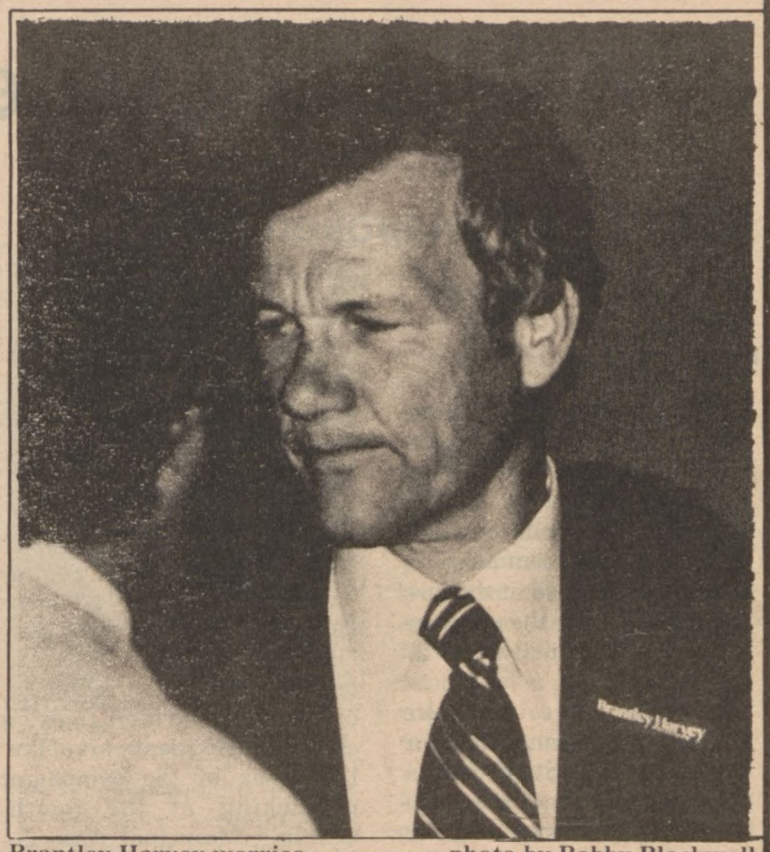
First, Riley decided to toughen his image. One day his campaign manager, Margaret Bethea, wanted Brown to write a release on Riley's committment to public education. "Make it tough," she said. Brown sat down and wrote the thing, then sent it through for Bethea to see. A few minutes passed and then she called him in. "Did I not communicate clearly?" she asked. "I said I wanted it to be TOUGH!" Brown rewrote the release and a few days later we were reading that "Dick Riley is the only man running for Governor with the guts to move South Carolina off the bottom in education." This was the start of what proved to be a crucial, and very effective tactical move.

From here on out, Riley let the issues take a back seat to attacks on the political character of Harvey. He made full financial disclosure a big issue, emphasizing that Harvey wasn't going to be one iota more open than the weak ethics law requires, while he, Riley, was opening all the books up. Implicitly bringing in the issue of street money - cash spread around for purposes of buying influence and getting out the vote - he said he was also going to account fully for every penny that was spent, not just donated. Harvey's professional connection with South Carolina Electric and Gas Company was also brought up repeatedly (Harvey's Beaufort law firm receives a yearly retainer from the utility) to suggest that Harvey was less than impartial when it came to utility regulation.

The message in all this was that Dick Riley's character was more in tune with what the state wants and needs than of Harvey; Harvey represented the old political way of doing things while he, Riley, reflected the new committment to open, above-board government.

Along with taking the fuzziness out of his image and going on the offensive against Harvey, Riley also began to alter his style. The wooden campaigner came to life. At a stump meeting in Barnwell toward the end of May, Riley was almost a live wire, hitting hard on what had become his themes; the conduct of his campaign versus the way front runner Harvey was conducting his. Here he was shouting into the microphone, Dick Riley, he of soft-speaking reason! This was the new candidate, to be sure. And he was beating Harvey hard with

Statewide



Brantley Harvey worries photo by Bobby Blackwell

imputations of dishonesty, secrecy, duplicity and conservatism. While Harvey stuck to the high road, playing above it all in public and ignoring both Riley and Dorn, Riley's attacks began to tell; so much so that when the candidates finally agreed to a televised debate, Harvey wanted questions on things like retainers and disclosure - "personal things" like that - ruled out as questions, according to Riley negotiators. Too, the day before the debate, Harvey took out a full-page ad in the Columbia *Record* telling people that some of the candidates would be talking about "politics" in the debate, while he, Harvey, would be discussing "issues". In other words, Harvey was denying that it mattered how a person conducted his campaign for Governor; in fact, he went so far as to actually say this during the debate.

Riley replied that this notion "shocks my conscience."

Now that Harvey realizes Riley's assaults have put him in danger of defeat next Tuesday, will he continue pretending that people don't care about where a candidate gets and spends his money? A top Harvey adviser says that the campaign staff surrounding Harvey has encouraged him to be cautious and not respond directly to Riley's charges. This reinforces Harvey's noted cautious nature, with the result being that it has been all Riley on offense, burning his message into the voters minds. Harvey strategists spent all day Wednesday, June 14, mapping out a game plan for the run-off, but so far there seems to be only a few wide swipes at Dorn's endorsement of Riley. The above-it-all tact has put the Lt. Governor in danger now, and could lose him the election if maintained.

Perhaps more than anything other single event, it was the endorsement by Bruce Dew and Judy Turnipseed that crystallized Riley's image in the public mind.

Both Dew - Turnipseed's law partner - and Judy said publicly that Riley was more in line with the Turnipseed philosophy than any candidate left in the race. Both offered to campaign for Riley and Dew offered to help coordinate the different county Turnipseed efforts with those of the Riley campaign. He also promised to try and convince David Turnipseed, Tom's Spartanburg brother who is also in the legislature, to come out for Riley. This never occurred, though, largely because David T. didn't want to risk damaging his political base in the Piedmont.

All of a sudden, Dick Riley had been handed the banner of butt-kicking radical evangelism Turnipseed had been carrying in the race. He took it without hesitation. In the ballroom of the Carolina Inn in Columbia he said it was with "great emotion" that he accepted the endorsement of the Turnipseed clan, and promised to continue hitting hard on issues like utility regulation reform and campaign disclosure. The wedding was consummated without a single dissenting voice from the Riley camp - they had everything to gain and nothing to lose at that point.

By election night, Turnipseed himself - described by one Riley staffer as a "great big bear," - was conspicuously showing himself at Riley's Marco Polo headquarters. It was a gala scene. The Turnip appeared in the doorway, broad, red face and revamped hair-do leading the way. People immediately began shaking his hand, intoning "hello, Senator" as if he were some average, ordinary politician. What was he doing here? He had made a point of not endorsing Riley personally before the primary, yet here he was rubbing elbows with the Riley fans on the eve of their great vindication. "He's got a political future to think of," said another Riley person. "He couldn't afford to come out earlier, but now we're going to be winners."

Climbing on board - a familiar theme. The trick was going to be getting the right people in the right places on board for the run-off. Horror tales circulated: Orangeburg County, for example, where months of hard work garnered just 24 percent of the vote. Harvey took Orangeburg with 7,089 votes with a huge turnout and lots of money. Dorn pulled in 2,463. Could the Riley people in Orangeburg pull the Dorn vote in? Could he make it clear that going with Riley was going with the winner?

Marlboro County was another interesting situation. Marion Brown, Riley's press aide, lives in Marlboro, and was frankly pessimistic before June 13. Conventional wisdom had it that the "controlled" counties would go for Harvey, and the Jack Lindsay machine in Marlboro would deliver the county to the Lt. Governor.

The night before the primary, Brown and his wife - a Clyburn staffer - took a ride up to their old stomping grounds. They visited about five "important people," according to Brown, and made last-ditch appeals for Riley. "We appealed to their consciences," he says. They got to bed early in the morning after telling people that Riley was going to win the whole race and they'd better climb on board the train. Riley got 956 votes to Harvey's 2,144 in Marlboro County. Dorn took in 1,030. This may look like a landslide, but was better than Brown had expected.

The Dorn vote, obviously, is the key to the runoff. Depending on how hard the former Congressman stumps and works the telephone, a large portion of his bloc could turn out again and go for Riley. An endorsement, in and of itself, will have little effect. The effort that follows it up is what will count. Dorn has promised to actively campaign for Riley; and Dorn has never had a passive interpretation of the word "active."

Several Harvey staffers have been working the Third District this week, and Harvey strategists hope Dorn's basically conservative voters will drift to the Lt. Governor.

Just take a look at a few counties where the Dorn vote could make the difference: Florence, where Harvey beat Riley by about 1,000 on June 13, but Dorn got 2,506 votes; Lee, where Dorn lead the ticket and Harvey beat Riley by only 500 votes; Darlington, Williamsburg, Marlboro and Charleston, where the Dorn and Riley votes combined equal the June 13 Harvey totals.

Harvey professes to be nonplussed by Dorn's endorsement of Riley; his staffers were expecting it as early as Friday, June 16. But the fact is that unless Harvey can capture nearly one half of the Dorn vote, plus pull all his supporters out for the runoff, he's in trouble.

The mood in the Marco Polo room had nothing to do with trouble. All was happy surprise. Sam Tennenbaum was there, burly, clapping shoulders and shouting. He had worked for Riley for over a year, and contributed over $1,000; as it became clearer that his man had made it into the run-off his mood became more gregarious than usual. Ben Greer and Franklin Ashley, the two Columbia writers who produced Riley's television ads were there as well, circulating in some latter-day version of the Odd Couple; Greer lean and trim beneath a three-piece gray suit tagging behind the portly and bespectacled Ashley. Ashley's glee at John Bolt Culbertson's demise - "Thurmond's hatchet man has been put to rest at last" - paralleled his satisfaction with Riley's performance.

Fixed maniacally before a tv in the corner was David Reed, who recently resigned as Director of Parks, Recreation and Tourism (PRT), transcribing the latest returns with demon intensity. A projected press release came his way

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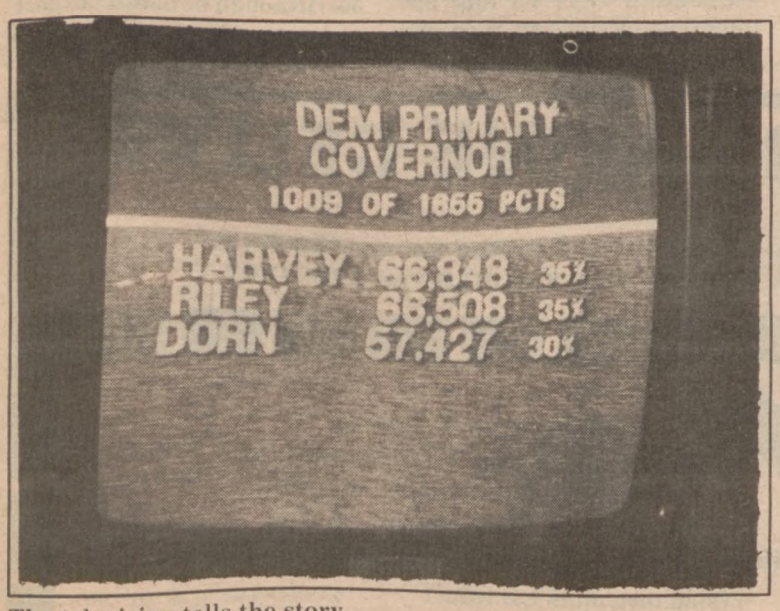

The television tells the story

Jim Clyburn faces a tough run-off battle

Race is the unspoken issue

by Nancy Higgins

No one seems to have consulted Frank Thornton about the subject. But if he has a few minutes to reflect between issuing charters and notary public commissions he must be amused at the fuss being made over the office he has held so quietly for 27 years.

In the race for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State, John Campbell, a former mayor of Columbia, received slightly more than 43 percent of the vote. South Carolina Human Affairs Commissioner Jim Clyburn got about 42 percent and a chance to face Campbell in the runoff election Tuesday. Rep. Henry Jolly, D-Gaffney, ended up with only 14 percent of the votes casts.

The knowledge most people have of the office of secretary of state is, at best, vague. For this reason, one of the main issues in the campaign seemed to be why any of the three candidates wanted the job. Campbell and Clyburn both tried to impress voters with their records as administrators. Jolly promised to run the office the way Thornton has been running it. Incognito, that is.

Jolly provided the only real controversy in the campaign by charging Clyburn with violation of the federal Hatch Act, a law limiting political activity by federal employees. The U.S. Civil Service Commission dismissed the charges shortly before the election.

While Clyburn and Jolly were trading insults, Campbell was campaigning quietly but, apparently, effectively. During what he described as a "normal campaign", Campbell visited all but three county courthouses and more than 75 city halls. He spent part of the last week of the campaign politicking at the South Carolina Municipal Association convention.

An analysis of the vote shows that Clyburn and Campbell split the state in half. Jolly did well only in his home, Cherokee County, and in neighboring York County.

Clyburn received most of his votes in an area stretching from the coast up to Richland County. He only lost Richland by about 300 votes, a fact which surprised him and Campbell. Both men are well-known in the midlands. However, Campbell, who was mayor of Columbia for eight years and a city councilman for eight, was expected to do much better locally.

Campbell's strength was clearly in the Piedmont, the area where he says he spent most of his time campaigning. He carried Greenville County by 3,000 votes and Newberry by 2,000. Clyburn admits he was "clobbered" in Spartanburg, where Campbell received 4,000 more votes than he did.

Early in the campaign, Sam Selph, Clyburn's campaign manager, said he felt his man needed about 25 percent of the white vote to win. According to Clyburn's estimates, he did much better than that. He believes he may have gotten as much as 35 percent.

The problems, from Clyburn's point of view, arose because black voters didn't go to the polls. Selph was hoping half of the 263,656 registered blacks would vote. According to his analysis of the results, only about 40 percent did so.

Late last week as they made plans for the runoff, both candidates were encouraged by the number of people on the ballot. They believe this will make it easier to get their own supporters out.

Campbell says he will probably spend most of his time campaigning in the parts of the state where he appears to be weakest. He has bought no television time and plans to buy none. He says he will probably spend a couple days cultivating home-grown votes in Columbia.

Clyburn's "big thing" will be trying to convince his supporters to go to the polls again. He will also be making some effort to interest registered voters who didn't participate in the first primary election. Selph says they will continue to use a television commercial which features Clyburn's name and the name of the office he is seeking. "The only thing we were trying to get across was name I-D," he says.

Jim Clyburn

Both candidates are naturally interested in where Jolly's votes will go. Campbell says he and Jolly are friendly. "I figure he'll help me where he can," he says.

Clyburn would like help from Jolly's supporters. He doesn't expect much, however.

Campbell and Clyburn plan to continue discussing the same issues they have talked about all along. But the issues no one wants to bring up may very well be the one which will determine who will be the Democratic nominee.

Campbell says he has no intention of making race an issue in the campaign. However, he says, "I think the people are entitled to know." The former mayor says a lot of people in the Piedmont weren't aware Clyburn is black. Some of them even asked him about it. Campbell points out Clyburn didn't use his picture in his television commercial and suggests that, perhaps, Clyburn didn't want to remind people of it.

Clyburn won't buy that. "I'm not hiding from anybody," he says. He says he doesn't believe he could keep voters from knowing he is black even if he wanted to do so. Although he doesn't expect

(Continued on Page 12)

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Statewide

A close one for the GOP

by Nancy Higgins

"Four years ago (when James Edwards was elected governor) was a fluke. Everybody knows that. maybe now we're going to have Fluke Two," crows J. Drake Edens, Jr., former chairman of the South Carolina Republican party.

Edens, who has been credited with, and accused of, being the godfather of the modern Republican party in the state, was sounding mighty jovial for a man whose candidate just lost a close gubernatorial primary. "The Republican party is as united I've ever known it to be in the 20 years I've been in it. There are no Finch, Young factions now. It's the Republican campaign. I see no reason why we shouldn't dive in with optimism."

Edward Young, a former sixth district Congressman, defeated Raymon Finch, a Columbia accountant, in Tuesday's primary. He received 12, 171 votes to Finch's 11,498.

Young attributes his victory to support from "old-line Republicans" all over the state. However, he adds, "I just thank the Lord for the hometown folks." Florence County did "right well" by Young where he received 1,483 votes to Finch's 144.

Finch lost it in Charleston, says Gene Cantrell, who managed the campaign. They had expected more than 4,000 voters to go to the polls. The turn-out was less than 3,000. "We weren't aware of it until it was too late to do anything about it," he says.

"Maybe we ran too good a campaign," Edens says. "Everybody thought we had the thing won and they could vote in the Democratic primary."

Finch, who was virtually unknown in the state when the campaign began, will apparently attempt to remain a power in the Republican party. He is "defintely" going to seek anothe elective office, Cantrell says. He isn't sure which one it will be.

There is a possibility, Edens says, "you might have for the first time seen a fella win even when he lost." He says he believes party members respect Finch for the way he campaigned and the way he handled defeat. "He paid his dues now. He's a member of the club."

Edens confidently predicts Finch could "whip anyone in our party in a primary now." He is sure he will run again.

Edens admits the GOP was in trouble in South Carolina in January. However, he is convinced things are looking up. He describes the gubernatorial primary as the best thing to happen to the party since Edwards was elected governor. "This primary has put us back in business," he insists.

One of the first orders of business was to begin planning the general election campaign. Carrying magnanimity almost to the point of incest, Young promptly hired Finch's campaign manager. Cantrell, Young says, is a good organizer and will help bind the party together. Reynolds Williams who managed his primary campaign, was anxious to get back to his law practice, he says.

Cantrell, who directed a vigorous and occasionally imaginative effort, says Finch was one of several local Republicans who encouraged him to take the job.

Money is one of the major problems facing the Republicans, Edens says. (Can we really believe the GOP has *money* worries!?) A budget for the campaign has not been prepared but he says he hopes the party will be able to raise $500,000. They will need every dime of it. "You buy as much TV and you buy as much of the media as you can afford," he says. They may also use direct mail campaigning which has become "horrendous in its cost."

"Maybe we ran too good a campaign. Everyone thought we had the thing won and they could vote in the Democratic primary."

Drake Edens

The party is hoping for some help from Sen. Strom Thurmond. Although Edens admits Thurmond isn't the most partisan candidate, he figures "it can't hurt to have a champion at the top of the ticket."

Thurmond's comment: "I intend to run my own race and not inject myself into other races. The people of South Carolina are independent thinking people and I feel they will vote for those candidates whom they consider best qualified regardless of party."

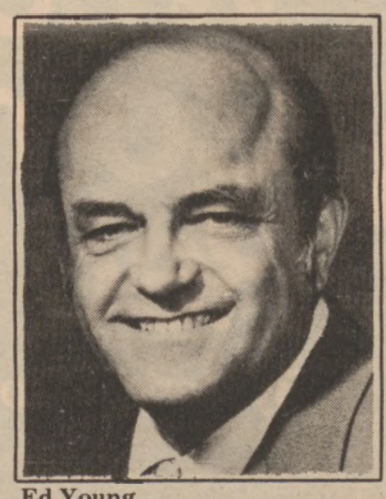
"I intend to run my own race and not inject myself into other races."

Strom Thurmond

With friends like that...

Edens sees two trends which could, he believes, help the GOP in South Carolina. "I've always hoped we'd have black participation and I honest to God believe we're going to get it this year," he says. He predicts Thurmond may get as much as 30 to 35 percent of the black vote. Some of this may carry over to Young, he says. Neither Finch nor Young, though, did anything but flop in black wards June 13.

He also sees a conservative, "and I don't mean reactionary," trend all over the country. An example of this is California's famous Proposition 13. "I believe you're going to see more demands for moderation in the growth of government," he says.



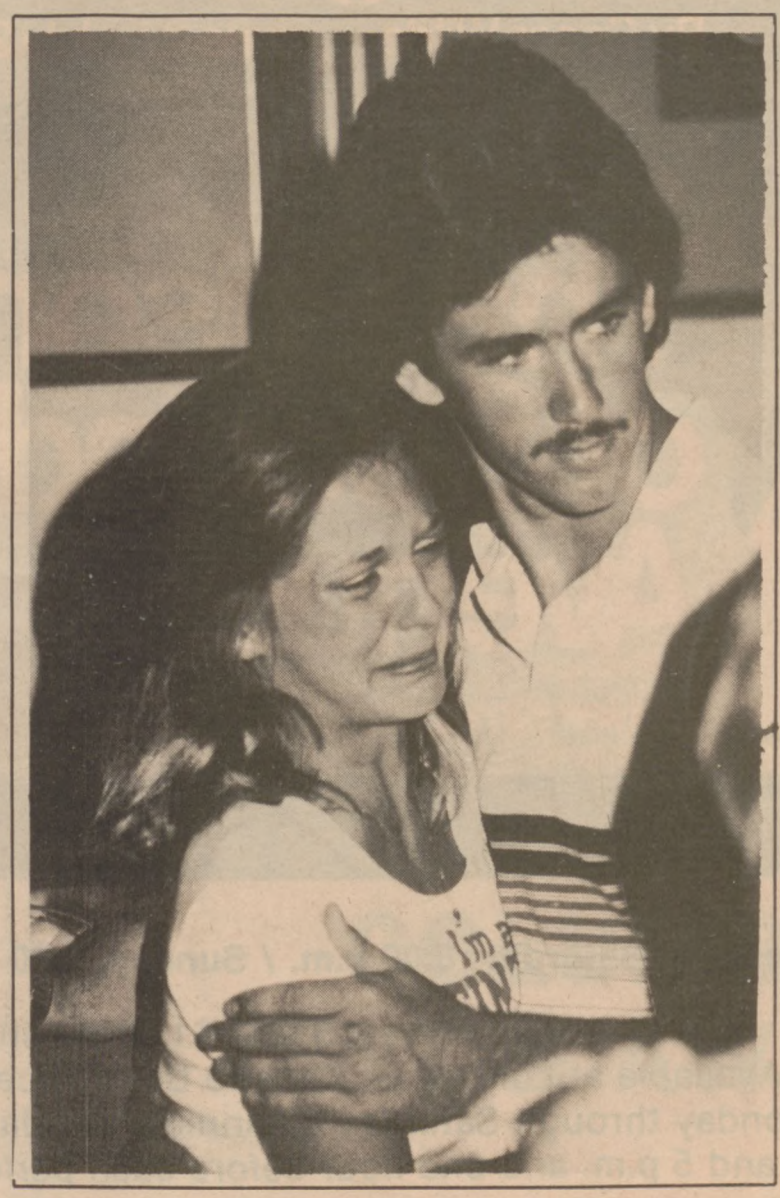
Ed Young

"I just see all this coming together and if it does, you'll see Ed Young governor," he predicts.

Young may have something else going for him which wasn't apparent in the primary race. A Pee Dee Democrat who followed the Republican campaigns was surprised by Young's lackluster performance in televised meetings with Finch. "He wasn't Ed Young on that cotton pickin' debate," he emphasizes. "He's a pretty good little orator. He is not what he has put on so far to be."

Some reporters dubbed the GOP primary as a race between "Mr. Aggressive and Mr. Nice Guy." One source speculates that the Republicans may have deliberately adopted this posture to stir up interest in an otherwise uninspiring contest.

In the past, the main thing expected of Republican candidates in South Carolina is that they be able to lose like gentlemen. Ed Young's chances of beating the Democratic nominee, no matter who he is, seem to be very slim. But Edwards has demonstrated the dome won't fall off the state house if there is a Republican sitting under it and the party appears capable of waging an aggressive campaign. Any Democrat who expects Young and his friends to sit back and quietly wait for the inevitable will be disappointed.



A tearful Finch backer after his concession to Ed Young

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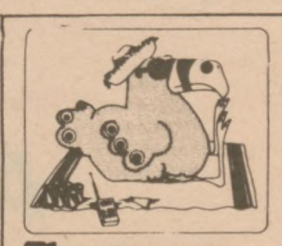

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Statewide

Inside notes on the primaries

Nancy looks good, Pug's not mortally wounded

by Pinckney Fosnick

Pinckney Fosnick is the pseudonym of a Metro Columbia man involved in several statewide campaigns.

In an election year that has been marked by the predictable and unpredictable, any analysis of the June 13 primary elections must be viewed with a high degree of skepticism. The conventional political wisdoms relied upon by the various campaign braintrusts have been brought into question, and clues to the rationale behind the electorate's votes are more elusive than ever.

The highly technical, complicated and media-oriented campaign styles which South Carolina voters have been subjected to over the past months, indeed, since the Ravenel blitz of 1974, have become the objects of mistrust; seen as slick deceptions designed to gloss over the issues and emphasize manufactured images. A backlash against such styles seems to have set in among South Carolinians weary of well-financed campaign rhetoric; especially when measured against their state's economic woes and a government more attuned to the needs of special interests than ordinary citizens.

The war between campaign staffs over style-supremacy (better media, better brochures, and the most money raised) has often placed real issues and real voter concerns by the wayside. Many voters going to the polls last Tuesday went confused by this onslaught; unsure of who the candidates were and even more doubtful of what they stood for. The results produced candidates who must, by June 27, define themselves in a more palpable manner than before the June 13 primary. The following would more properly be called conjecture, than anything else:

Of all the statewide campaigns, Raymon Finch's was the best orchestrated. To overcome his political obscurity, Finch projected an image of a primary winner by attacking Democratic frontrunner Brantley Harvey and virtually ignoring his Republican opponent.

His slogan - "Let's Win Again" - was to be a rallying cry for the Republican Party which won after the 1974 fiasco, and also to the Edwards - lead right-wing segment of the GOP. Finch outspent his opponent three to one, but lost in the end by a narrow margin to former Sixth District Congressman Ed Young. Finch spent close to $200,000 on the contest, but his media pitch was focused properly on the relatively small number of Republican voters.

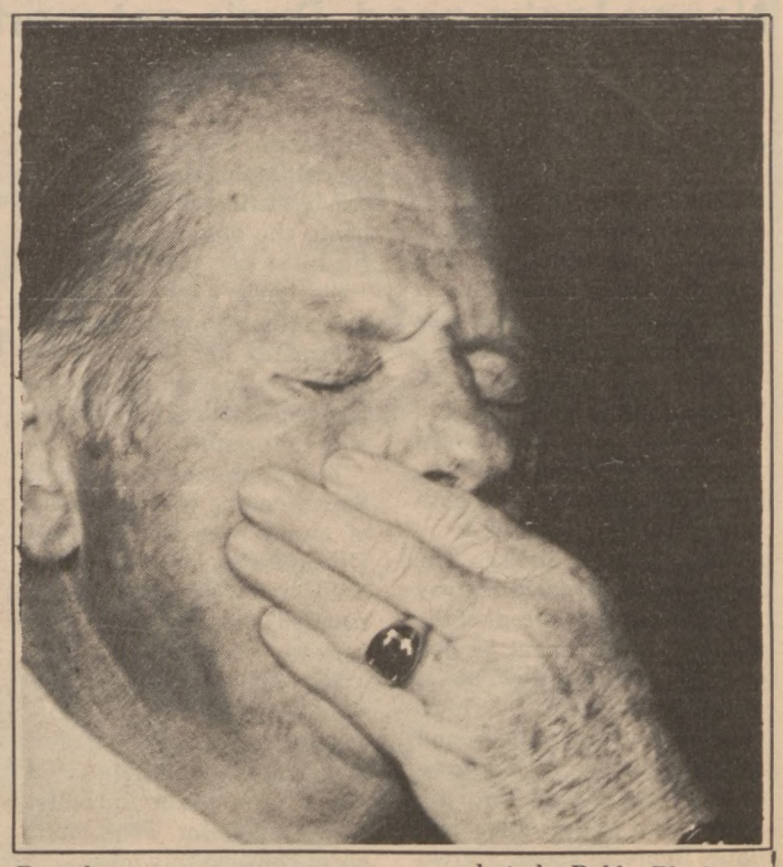
Young's base of support in the Pee Dee and his following among the party faithful provided the slim margin of victory in a race which saw only 30,000 ballots cast.

Until early April, Lt. Governor Brantley Harvey was thought by most political observers to possess an insurmountable lead in the running for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. His lead was thought to be so big that few expected a run-off. But by June 13, Harvey's lead had shrunk to a margin of just five percentage points, and Dick Riley had forced him into a run-off with a late charge.

Several factors contributed to Riley's surge; most prominent were the withdrawal of vocal state Senator Tom Turnipseed from the race and the switch of many of his reform-minded supporters to the Riley camp. Also, Harvey's questionable strategy is failing to disclose the sources of his financial backing, his SCE&G ties and the controversy surrounding the televised debate's ground rules all worked to Riley's advantage.

Veteran Congressman Bryan Dorn ran a truly populist, low-budget campaign and led the ticket in most of the counties that compose his Third Congressional District. This solid base provided him with close to 30 percent of the total vote, but left him some 10,000 short of the run-off. It was a crushing defeat for Dorn, who has spent his entire life enveloped in the South Carolina political scene. Despite those who scoff at his old-time image, there exists no more sincere and decent indi-

(Continued on Page 10)



Dorn bows out — photo by Bobby Blackwell

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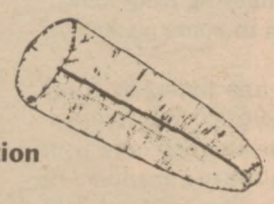

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Inside notes on the primaries

Nancy looks good, Pug's not mortally wounded

(Continued from Page 9)

vidual in politics, and his showing in 1978 does much to erase the misplaced stigma that was attached to him in 1974. His concession remarks concerning election reform contained a message which bears thought.

The June 27 run-off between Harvey and Riley should be quite a spectacle, with both camps having nurtured a strong, mutual dislike. The final figures revealed Harvey to have about 38 percent of the vote and Riley about 34 percent; or, a margin of about 17,000 votes out of 381,000 cast. A crucial battleground will be the Third Congressional District where Dorn did so well and where both condidates figure to spend a great deal of time.

A pivotal factor will be how well Dorn's endorsement of Riley translates into actual votes. A poll taken on election day taken by Peter Hart Associates indicated that among Dorn voters 60 percent would vote for Riley in a run-off against Harvey. If this figure is accurate, it will be a very close run-off. The extent of Dorn's personal campaigning will become crucial, as will any fear in the Piedmont of an excessive number of elected officials from the Low Country. (Harvey is from Beaufort, while Riley is from Greenville.)

In Harvey's favor is the strong support given him by the state's run-off for Secretary of State, a large black voter turn-out in support of Clyburn will also help Harvey. Also aiding the Lt. Governor will be a lingering Riley identity problem in some pockets of the state.

Harvey has outspent Riley by some $200,000; it is interesting to note the outcome in a year when the big spenders in North Carolina, Texas and New Jersey went down losers.

Four years ago, Brantley Harvey came from a second place finish to win the run-off for the Democratic Lt. Governor's nomination. Dick Riley will be attempting to duplicate this feat June 27.

Lt. Governor

When she announced as a candidate for Lt. Governor, Nancy Stevenson said that being a woman might be seen by some as a disadvantage. In hindsight, her June 13 victory can be attributed largely to her being the lone female in the field.

Stevenson's sex appeared to be an identifying factor which contrasted her with the two Smith's also running; too, she received a bulk of the women's vote in the state.

The apprehension in both Smith camps over confusion of names was well founded. Uncertainty over who was Tom and which was Horace resulted in may votes for "that woman."

Ms. Stevenson spent less than either of her opponents, relying to a great degree on early publicity over the wording of her name on the ballot.

State Senator Tom Smith spent considerably more money than his opponents and was thought to have the best media of any candidate running for statewide office; he finished third, out of the run-off. His message of "business means jobs and Tom Smith means business" was ignored and many perceived him as too closely aligned with organized labor interests. Horace Smith, a candidate for Lt. Governor in 1974, did particularly well in the upper part of the state, as expected.

Philosophically, Smith and Stevenson are worlds apart and voters should have no trouble distinguishing their positions. The Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) will probably be a central issue, with Stevenson being a strong supporter and Smith an avowed opponent.

Smith has injected the view that Stevenson is less than a moral person by virtue, if you will pardon the expression, of a book she co-authored which contained what he felt was offensive language. Stevenson countered by rightfully requesting that Smith address himself to more substantive issues.

Here too, the vote of the third-place finisher will be a big factor in deciding the eventual winner. Tom Smith has declined to endorse either candidate. The conventional wisdom suggests his supporters feel more akin to Stevenson's philosophy and will be voting for her on June 27. However, Horace Smith will get a surprisingly large segment of the Tom Smith vote, but will still fall short of beating Stevenson. So says the much - cracked crystal ball.

Constitutional Offices

Jim Clyburn faces a rough battle in his try to become the Democratic nominee for secretary of state. After the votes had finally been tabulated, former Columbia mayor John Campbell received 43 percent of the vote and Clyburn got 42 percent. State representative Henry Jolly trailed with 15 percent of the tally. It is unrealistic to think that Jolly's supporters will back Clyburn to any appreciable degree in the run-off in the light of the fact that Jolly based much of his campaign on anti-Clyburn attacks, particularly on allegations of violations of the Hatch Act. Campbell received strong support from municipal organizations and his black and white billboards subtley implied one of the major differences between he and Clyburn. Clyburn can still win, however, by getting out a large black vote, by gaining more visible support in the white business community and by somehow transforming the race from a black-white question to one based on the function and concept of the office itself.

In the race for Adjutant General, James Henderson and Eston Marchant will face each other in the run-off. Henderson has run for the office before and spent a great deal of money plastering the state with billboards promoting his candidacy. He appears to have much backing of the guard membership itself. Marchant has stressed the function of the office, but his former chairmanship of the troubled University of South Carolina board of trustees seemed to work against him among some voters. Richard Burke, a sergeant major in the guard, was plagued by a Hatch Act firing. He finished well behind Henderson and Marchant and the division of his votes should have little impact. One Burke supporter said his vote was primarily based not so much on Burke's qualifications but on the idea of a person being "promoted from sergeant to general in one day."

Henry Young easily defeated veteran campaigner "Red" Bethea for the Democratic nomination for Commissioner of Agriculture. Young, who has been on the campaign trail solidly for the last 18 months and has seemingly visited every political event of any description during this time, will face a tougher battle in November against the appointed incumbent, Bryan Patrick.

Charlie Williams, currently Deputy Superintendent of Education, but not by enough to avoid a run-off against the Anderson educator. Williams, who enjoyed the backing of most of the Department of Education hierarchy, campaigned extensively and overcame any advantage Royster might have had from a narrow loss to present Superintendent Cyril Busbee in 1968.

U.S. Senate

If anyone takes *State* writer Lee Bandy seriously, Pug Rav-

(Continued On Page 22)

Nancy Stevenson photo by Bobby Blackwell

Commentary on politics

(Continued From Page 2)

Tuesday means that quite a number of South Carolinians are ready to vote for candidates who shun both the style and substance of old-line politics, as typified by Brantley Harvey, Horace Smith and Strom Thurmond.

It may be that Ravenel can benefit from this evident disinclination to vote for the same stuff we've had for years. He, of course, has his own particular problems which Riley and Stevenson don't; the lack of a public record, the Dorn imbroglio legacy and somewhat of an out-of-state stigma. But it is undeniable that he strikes the same note - change, openness, etc. - as the candidates who did well last Tuesday.

This should offer some consolation for the fact that he didn't garner a truly overwhelming percentage of the vote.

More important than numbers - a totally fictitious person could probably pull in at least ten per cent in any given election - is the reality of a restless attitude among the state's voters; a restlessness Pug played to advantage in 1974 and which he should be able to tap again this year.

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The Governor's Highway Safety Program

Jim Clyburn faces a tough run-off battle

(Continued from Page 6)

Campbell to make race an issue, he expects it will be in some voters' minds.

In some ways, Clyburn is making a subtle argument that voters should support him because he is black. "I believe the vast majority of the voters of this state have taken a significant step to improve the overall image of the state of South Carolina," he said at a press conference after the election. He's probably right. What Spiro Agnew used to call the eastern liberal establishment press would be fascinated by something as unusual as a black elected to a state office in the deep south. South Carolina would probably be painted as such a progressive place that no one down here would recognize it.

Before the election, the talk was that Clyburn would have to win the first time if he was going to win at all. Some say this was, and still is, the consensus at the Clyburn camp. If it is, Clyburn and his staff won't admit it. "The momentum in this campaign has shifted in our favor," Clyburn insists.

One veteran South Carolina political observer supports Clyburn's optimistic view of the situation. He sees a "strong correlation," at least locally, between Campbell's support and W.J. Bryan Dorn's support. There may even be some correlation between Clyburn's votes and Richard Riley's. The theory is that Dorn voters will be less apt to return to the polls. If this is correct, it will certainly work in Clyburn's favor.

Selph notes a numerical similarity in Clyburn's votes and Nancy Stevenson's in Charleston. "The momentum is on her side and it's definitely in our favor," he says.

The decision about whether to vote for Campbell or Clyburn is apt to be a difficult one for many people. It will, of course, mean determining which man seems to be better qualified to serve as secretary of state. But it will also require a quiet, private examination of a question many people don't like to think about: Does race make a difference? Not just to the untutored masses. No one will deny there are bigots "out there." But to us, to presumably enlightened Americans, does it make a difference?

This is not to imply that everyone who votes for Campbell will do it for the wrong reasons. That would be ridiculous. It is inevitable, however, that the results of the election will be examined to see what they say about race relations in South Carolina and in the South.

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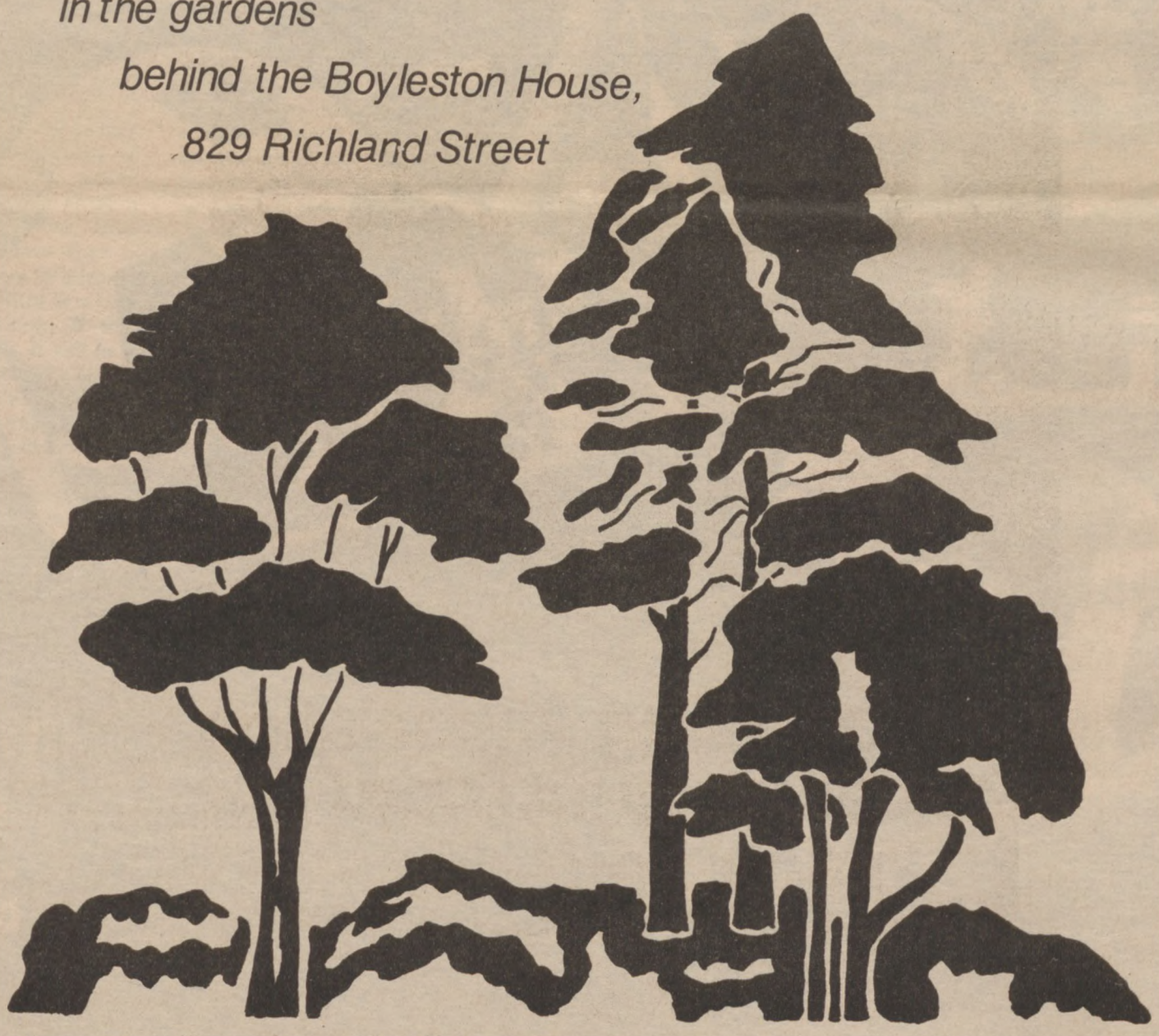

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Reviews & the Arts

A Spoleto retrospective

Hints of a more humane ethos in S.C.?

by John Marion

Well, Spoleto is over, although tongues and typewriters will clack post mortems worthy of the Super Bowl, the Series and the Riley-Harvey fight. In this case, I for one hope that they continue to clack, because the festival was so varied that it is hard to imagine any two people telling the same story twice.

The event was a joyous celebration of creativity and artistry and has as many levels of significance as it had spectators and participants. At no other time or place in this country have so many people been given the opportunity to make so many deep and delighted responses to dance, theatre, chamber music, opera, jazz, story telling, film, mime, folk music and street theatre.

Let the clacking continue, for if the arts have any significance for us in a not so brave new world, which values competence above all else and reduces human value by the day with prosaic simplicity and narrowness, it is their ability to delight us with fresh ways of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling, thinking about and emotionally experiencing the world around us. Art breaks chains and can exist only in a free and vital society. When painting, sculpture, dance, music, theatre and other art forms become restricted, doctrinaire or one sided, the art dies.

Through the arts, human communication reaches its height. Such communication may or may not be verbal; we can be as moved by dance or a symphony as by a novel or poem. The arts penetrate our shells and shams; they provide vehicles by which one human being may reach deeply into another.

Art it seems to one, cannot be racist or classist. That the Spoleto Festival has been so overwhelmingly successful in Charleston, South Carolina, for the last two summers, is magnificent. The implications are stirring, and at least one point comes through loud and clear to me: there is now at last in this state the insistance of many people on a more exciting, liberating, more fully human way of life. There are a great many people here who are talented, knowledgeable, professional, imaginative and gutsy as hell who are adamant about breaking up the clouds and letting the sun shine in on all of us.

Brother Blue — Photo by Peter Sanders

A lot of outsiders feel pretty much the same way. As a rather rude young man from Virgina posed it to a steadily declining audience at the Francis Marion Hotel bar, "Why should I come *here* to see what I can see almost any day of the week in Washington?" Why, for that matter, did New Yorkers make the trek? For a curious prestige? Is the South now so fashionable among the Up-Town In-Crowd that Spoleto is the one-upmanship gambit at cocktail parties? I think not. I think that people from all over the country came to Spoleto because it was fun. I think they sensed the joy and the profundity of what was happening and wanted to see it first hand. The energy released in Charleston was the kind that is contagious, the kind that gets things done; it was the stuff that crackles out of people who are vitally engaged in work that they love engaged in work that they love, and who wants to miss out on that?

Let the clacking continue. My prediction is that the magic will continue next year and in the ones to follow because Spoleto is primarily a *social* function, but social in the best sense. It is a mooring at which people can genuinely meet each other through common though heightened experiences without fear or pretense. It is a kind of Woodstock without exclusiveness, politics or trash and it will continue because its basic substance is solid, time-tested and fine.

The '78 Spoleto was successful for me because it united the individual so firmly and wonderfully with the best of his culture. I had a great sense of belonging; I witnessed something that was at once quite old and refined yet at the same time childlike and playful. I felt no loneliness in the crowds and was perfectly at ease with strangers at performances, in elevators or in after hours watering holes. There was a conspicuous lack of stiff necked, highbrow snobbery, and discussions were animated though serious. Conversation flowed. What we had there was a willingness to communicate.

It is not surprising, then, that for me, Brother Blue the storyteller symbolizes the Festival, for he was the butterfly at its center, at the middle, as he might put it, of its middle. When he told his stories, sung his songs, gave his poems, and danced his dances, he was true to his promise; he spoke "from the middle of the middle of Blue, to the middle of the middle of you," and of me.

Brother Blue, sometimes known as Dr. Hugh Morgan Hill, is a teacher and Christian whose work is to break chains. His method is telling stories, and he has lots of them; in addition to some 500 originals, he has countless traditional tales from all over Europe, Asia (including Southeast) and Africa. He tells them in bars, on subways, in prisons, in the classroom, in churches, on radio and on television anywhere they are needed. He has given lectures and workshops in libraries, colleges, universities and churches in this country, in Canada and in Europe. At the present, he is teaching at Harvard and is very active at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Boston.

His academic credentials are solid. He graduated with honors in social relations at Harvard, received an M.A. from the Yale Drama School, and earned a Ph.D. from the Union Graduate School (through Harvard) under a committee that included faculty from Harvard, Antioch and Skidmore.

Blue hardly looks professorial now, though. Dressed completely in blue, from socks to knit cap, he asks his wife Ruth to draw the ink butterflies on his cheeks and palms. Around his neck are colored streamers and on his pocket is a rainbow patch. He travels with tamborine, harmonica, colored paper and his presentations combine mime, dance, poetry, toots on the harmonica and blues rifts from his imaginary bass saxophone.

The costume, however, is not outlandish for its own sake, and represents as much of Dr. Hugh Morgan Hill as Brother Blue the storyteller. Blue himself is the synthesis of his initial academic interest, the fusion of art and worship. "My feeling," he told me with quiet urgency, "is that when the human creature puts his art into worship, that's the highest." In recalling his original plans for an academic dissertation at Harvard, he spoke of his desire to do "a work that would explore the great fusion between art and spirit." For that reason, he turned to the study of Byzantine art.

While doing graduate work in Harvard, however, he began teaching in prisons, and his experiences changed his mind regarding the traditional Ph.D. program. "All of these black guys came in and sat down," he said recalling his poetry class. "They were like children. These guys were innocents. I mean they had done stupid, obvious things, like buying grass. Crazy, dumb things. They were just innocent and naive." He paused a minute, then continued. "But you've got that other category, too. Some of those cats are very

(Continued on Page 18)

"Coming Home" attempts too much

But Voight's performance is great

Voight and Fonda in "Coming Home"

by Ina R. Hark

Producer Jerome Hellman has said that his lates film, *Coming Home*, is "attempting to deal with the consequences of the Vietnam War in human terms." If the film had only confined itself to that aim, it might have been a truly magnificent work. Unfortunately, *Coming Home* also attempts to deal with large, abstract social issues: the futility and waste of lives the war involved, mismanagement and overcrowding in VA hospitals, the problems of readjustment faced by paraplegics, the isolation from reality of career military officers and their wives, the need for women to establish their own identities.

Moreover, the film explores these issues in such a self-righteous and contrived manner that they overpower the emotional impact of the human story.

That human story involves the changes the war brings about in three people: Luke Martin (Jon Voight), a high school jock who comes home from the war paralyzed below the waist; Bob Hyde (Bruce Dern), a gung-ho Marine captain who can't wait to serve in Nam; and his sheltered, dependent wife Sally (Jane Fonda), formerly a cheerleader at Luke's high schoo who graduated in his class.

Initially bitter and defeated, Luke achieves a useful new life for himself, partially through his love for Sally. Sally likewise gains independence and fulfillment through her involvement with Luke, although she unaccountably places her love for her husband above her relationship with him. Bob returns from combat slightly crazed, bereft of all his illusions about duty and military glory, and without a will to live.

For only one of these characters, Luke, are the changes made credible, and for only the most human of the issues--the experience of paraplegic war veterans--is the propagandizing effective.

Luckily, the success of *Coming Home* in these two areas, at least, is total. Jon Voight gives a marvelous performance as Luke. He recently won the Best Actor award at Cannes for the role; it is probably his most memorable screen portrayal. He convinces us of Luke's strengths and his weaknesses, his charm and his short temper, his humanity and his disability. The character is neither overly noble nor overly pitiable, as handicapped characters in films so often are. One believes in the validity of his actions every step of the way.

His scenes with Jane Fonda, tracing the development of their love for each other, provide some of the most real and tender romantic moments in recent cinema. Their exchanges sound completely unrehearsed, so that we hear two people hesitantly establishing a bond of communication, not two actors speaking lines. Likewise, the scenes in the hospital, which include some actual paraplegics as actors, are authentic and moving without ever giving way to sentiment.

But the rest of the film is a disaster. One sees it coming during the opening title sequence--displaying, by the way, the most unreadable credits I have seen in years--that cross-cuts between Voight and other patients undergoing therapy and Dern running cross-country around the Marine Base. Every time Dern is on the screen, parallel cutting matches his activities with Voight's. The obvious point is soon established. The initial disadvantage between the two is reversed; Luke Martin grows physically and psychologically more self-reliant as Bob Hyde disintegrates.

Such lack of subtlety marks all the portions of the film which treat the evolution of the personalities of Sally and Bob, thus limiting the opportunity for fine actors Jane Fonda and Bruce Dern to perform as well as they are capable. We are asked to believe that as soon as her husband goes overseas, Sally, dutiful and unquestioning little military wife that she is, will merely as the result of a conversation with the hippieish girlfriend of one of her husbands buddies, go to work at a VA hospital and immediately become a liberated woman and political activist. (We can believe it of Jane Fonda, but not of Sally). In addition, several of the signs the movie gives of her growing independence seem rather ludicrous: she lets her hair go frizzy and buys a new car (just because the battery in her old one went dead!).

Movies

If Sally's conversion comes a bit suddenly, Bob's is simply absurd. Would a career military man and ardent hawk go bonkers at his first glimpse of the hellishness of war? His behavior after he returns to the the States is so contradictory as to defy description. Through Bob Hyde the filmmakers reveal the naive Hollywood liberalism which assumes that anyone who supported the war in Vietnam had to be either a self-deceiver, a fascist sadist, or totally ignorant of the war's terrible reality.

The producer admits that all concerned with the film had trouble deciding on Bob's ultimate fate. Everyone agreed that he had to die, but the manner of his death gave them trouble. Their decision, to let him exit *a la* Norman White in *A Star Is Born*, was not a fortuitious one.

Coming Home is technically accomplished. Gifted cinematographer Haskell Wexler delivers crisp, well-arranged compositions, and tight compositions and the tight editing for a long time keeps the mind from dwelling on the implausibilities of the script.

However, when Bob comes home, *Coming Home* falls apart. Irrelevant threats of violence are inserted, some improbable FBI men start sneaking around, the plot line garbles and the heavy-handed social commentary exceeds the tolerance level. Almost every element of the film's soundtrack, settings and costumes have SYMBOL emblazoned upon them, from the design on Luke's jacket, to the lyrics of the sixties rock songs constantly playing in the background, to the exit sign on a supermarket door which provides the egregiously overstated last image of the film. Finally, director Hal Ashby allows the beautiful love story to take a back seat to the cinematic sermonizing.

It is ironic that the R rating for *Coming Home*—probably due to as much its explicit language as to its one lyrically photographed lovemaking sequence—will discourage attendance by the one group that could benefit from the sermons: those adolescents, like the group Voight addresses at the end of the film, who are too young to remember what Vietnam was all about.

OUR CRITICS TAKE
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OSCEOLA

Mohammed's Records

by Scott Padgett

Good - Stones/Springsteen
Bad - Pablo Cruise
Ugly - Hall & Oates

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES - 'Livetime' - (RCA):

Since we never try to alienate our readers, how about

A. These two pretty boys played the worst concert I ever saw at the Coliseum and nothing they've done since has convinced me otherwise;

B. They're a prime example of what's wrong with the rock and roll business today! OR

C. Both of the above. **C-**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - 'Darkness on the Edge of Town' - (Columbia):

That last moment before the stylus hits the vinyl is an anxious one for the artist as well as the fan, on the most highly awaited album in rock music for at least three years. Forty-three minutes later you realize Springsteen is the first major rock influence to improve his stance in about the same length of time.

Beginning with the first cut, 'Badlands,' a slashing boy to girl narrative, there's a familiarity with the music, but the style is somehow rougher. It's also one of the few times Clarence Clemmon's-sax is heard, due to what Bruce called 'the sweetness of instrument' not being suitable for most of the hard-edged cuts.

'Adam Raised a Cain' shows off an even huskier vocal on 'Born to Run' and then the famous Springsteen WAAAA is put on lengthy display for 'Something In the Night.' The synocpation of 'Candy's Room' is one of the most intricate melodies he's written and leads to a second side that evokes memories of Dylan's 'Blonde on Blonde' with the first tune 'Promised Land.' 'Streets of Fire' has the lethargic 'Back Streets' vocals that are just as moving in this case. Then 'Prove it all Night' has Springsteen and Clemmons trading riffs in another display of raw edged leads.

The final and title cut is an ode to that search for lost youth with yet another intense vocal.

John Landau's production, along with Jimmy Iovine's co-mix credit (Patty Smith's producer), are certainly to be commended for toughening an album that could have been overdone at both junctures. So even in Columbia, S.C. on August 1, it'll be plain that Bruce is back. **A.**

DAVE MASON - 'Mareposa de Oro' - (Columbia):

Probably Dave's best since 'Dave Mason,' but still too slick if your taste runs to 'Alone Together' or 'Headkeeper'. It's not Traffic, but it's not Player either. **B.**

RITA COOLIDGE - 'Love Me Again' - (A & M):

Barbara Streisand in a flannel shirt. **C.**

GERRY RAFFERTY - 'City to City' - (UA):

AHH the power of TOP 40 - I didn't even think to bother with this fluff until I saw a guy buy this album along with Elvis Costello. Either Elvis is hurting or this guy was buying it for his kid because it's pure AM. And, oh yeah, DJ's playing for Steeler's Wheel ain't paying dues & 'Baker Streets' is about as 'haunting' as Dick Riley's TV ads. **C.**

THE ROLLING STONES - 'Some Girls' - (Rolling Stones Records):

Hunter Thompson would call it King-Hell night on record because the album burns so good the DEA will be spraying it with Paraquat by July. (And if that ain't enough...) It's by far their best since 'Exile on Main Street', which is in part due to the settling in of Ron Wood in Mick Taylor's old spot. He and Keith finally have paired off with each other instead of going at their guitar lines from two directions, and it's never more evident than on 'When the Whip Comes Down,' a cut that will go down as a classic in the 'Tumbling Dice' tradition. (And you won't need Linda Ronstadt to make out the lyric).

The entire LP is just the Stones with no Billy Prestons or Nicky Hopkins, so you know the entire effort is in their old style. Keith even wrote and sings a piece about his Canadian bust and it doesn't sound like Roosters' gonna be at the trial. Jagger even plays guitar on four cuts, (not to mention calling Bianca the easiest lay on the White House Lawn), which displays how much fun the record was for the band and it comes through on the speakers.

From 'Miss You' with Charlie Watts' right leg locked on his bass drum through the decadence of 'Shattered' you know it's only rock & roll, but... **A.**

PABLO CRUISE - 'Worlds Away' - (A & M):

When I heard this so-called band called the leaders in the Bay Area sound, I nearly puked. The Bay Area sound conjures up memories of the Airplane, Steve Miller, Joplin, Santana, etc., not rejects from 'It's A Beautiful Day.'

This one's even cuter than their previous LP, the one that should have had Dramamine instead of a poster inside. Jimmy Buffet take note - someone does clone more songs than even you. **C.**

THE DIRT BAND - (UA):

If John McCuen wasn't still carrying this band they'd be about as credible as Brian Dorn's rolled up sleeves. The only times the album comes to life are on McCuen's solos, but the rest sounds like 'Hall & Oates sing Wet Willie'. **C PLUS.**

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR - 'The Parkerilla' - (Live) - (Mercury):

Every rock critic in the country is crying over this one and for the first time since we started this column, I feel like I'm betraying an old friend. The people responsible for the *best* rock & roll album since 'Born to Run' (Howlin Wind) have put an average night at the pub on three sides of specially priced vinyl and even with the best band in rock, you can't overcome that, plus poor production and song selection.

We only get three minutes of their classic title track from 'Heat Treatment', but 7:35 of a West Side Story like fairy tale 'The Heat in Harlem'.

The production and mix by Robert John Lange are indictable under sodomy laws in 11 states and Mercury really should rethink their campaign to expose the group to the mass American market.

HOWEVER, if you've never heard the boys, there's probably one decent album of rock and roll that can be culled from the 55 minutes. Besides, he is a friend. **B.**

Springsteen's latest

Joe Ely

IGGY POP - 'TV Eye' - (RCA):

Leon Spinks take note - Iggy's wearing dentures. Pop probably sells as many records in Columbia as old Strom has hairs he can call his own. But anyhow, this live one really sticks it down Jim Morrison's pants and adds to that comeback he's been making since Bowie cleaned him up and produced 'Lust for Life' with him, along with 'TV Eye'. **B PLUS.**

JOE ELY - 'Honky Tonk Masquerade' - (MCA):

The most sophisticated mainstream country music since Gram Parsons literally burned up in the Mojave. This is what all those Marshall Tucker types ought to try to see; what C & W/R & B really should sound like. **A MINUS.**

MINK DE VILLE - 'Return to Magneta' - (Capitol):

These guys are the best example of what good rock American (New York) club bands can dish out when given a chance. Willy De Ville's second effort with Dylan's producer John Nitzsche, is a gratifyingly solid sequel to last year's effort.

The band blasts at Johnny Winter levels and then can pump soul from Martha Reeves country with the same amound of energy that brought their first album an "Album of the Year" for production/engineering. **B PLUS.**

TOM PETTY & THE HEART-BREAKERS - 'You're Gonna Get It' - (ABC):

Tom Petty is probably the only American artist who's shaken his new wave image to become somewhat of a commercial success. His first LP had a top 40 hit called 'Breakdown' that played everywhere but Columbia, and the group went on to become the only new band to break through the Billboard's Top 20 U.S. rock bands of '77.

Their second album is even better than the first, with great style and spasms of real energy throughout. **A MINUS.**

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South Carolina Arts Commission

A Spoleto retrospective

(Continued from Page 14)

slick. But anyway, I had all these young guys, and I thought, 'Man, these are the innocents of America.' "

Blue saw one basic thing in their faces: "They came to my class for one thing," he said with a quiet anger, "They wanted something beautiful." He thus decided to do a project which would be "a very serious work on alternative ways of teaching, of evoking, of educating. Something non-verbal for those who are not into reading, because," he carefully pointed out, "even if you can't read and write, you can still apprehend and communicate great beauty and wisdom."

Through his experiences in prisons and his concern with the fusion of art and spirit, Blue discovered his own way to "speak from the middle of the middle of Blue," to the middle of the middle of others. His symbol became the butterfly. "It's symbolic of the spirit," he told me. "Even the body itself is the chrysalises, the cocoon. All of reality is but the chrysalises, the cocoon, of something contained within the measureable, tangible, audible, visual reality. You can call it the 'Life Spirit,' you can call it 'God,' you can call it 'butterfly'."

Although he is still a student and reader, Blue, as his art indicates, is suspicious of the basis of our educational philosophy. "By the time you reach your doctorate--and it happens so early; it's so subtle-by the time you get through college, or even high school, you have become convinced that every worthwhile thing is written in a book." He paused and said with an almost poetic weariness, "the idolotry of the written word. and that ain't it."

To watch Blue perform is to step into some mythological, primordial continuum; he is at once Homeric legend giver, African dancer-wizard-storyteller, Irish Bard, Shakespearean actor and modern blues sax blower. He invokes his muse at the beginning of each tale: "Come poet, storyteller, musician, singer/bringer" or "Story hunter, bow bender, arrow sender." He moves like Zulu who studied with Martha Graham. He twists, he bends, he snaps his fingers and hurls out couplets as well as complex polysyllabic patterns. Then, like medium, he lets the story fill him; he becomes the tale.

His "Othello" is ancient, timeless. He is filled with the character's spirit, and his voice becomes a growl which alternates between the animal vitality of Othello and the nitty-gritty tragic rasp of a bass sax. In that story, like all of his others, is all the joy of the butterfly, all the anguish of Negro, all the rivetting precision of the poet/dancer/actor, and all the sadness of a solitary, grinding sax.

What it is, is Soul. It is not just Black soul, or Othello soul, or Asian soul, or young soul or old soul; it is Soul. Brother Blue gets to the soul of Soul, and to the middle of the middle of whomever listens. It is futile to try to describe him or his art in print, but there is no doubt in my mind that his aim is not very different from those of the other artists.

It was when he spoke of the festival and its significance, however, that I really listened. His voice suddenly dropped to a soft, serious whisper. "I have a thing," he said building suspense, "that most likely this area may be that very tenuous rainbow where something is happening... Possibly. In this very gentle place, maybe we can realize the dream in small, that through the arts, we are a rainbow of the human race, with the light shining through, through poetry, through clowns, through storytelling, through painting, through music..."

He paused a minute as though to allow himself to be filled to the brim with some poetic vision. "The essays have been written, the sermons have been spoken, the lectures have been given," he mused. "Now it's time for the artist to come forth and through the arts melt our hearts so we can be truly one."

Does he mean that something of real significance was happening in South Carolina? Some new Jerusalem in Charleston? I was skeptical, but only for a minute. I noticed his stillness; he slightly squinted, trying to make the vision a little clearer. I noted the very careful way he spoke--no wasted words or thoughts. This man of extraordinary intelligence and spirit was telling me something about my people and I listened harder than I have ever listened to anyone in my life:

"What I have found here is such a range of possibilities. I think that maybe in this particular area and part of the country you have a 'tuning fork'. It could be that the tuning fork of this great country is...guess where?"

His voice got even softer, more cautious, its warning measured and serious. I make it a rule to heed the warnings of poets. "We have to be very careful; it's hard to preserve it. This may be the last place in America where there is some remnant of gentleness, a kind of aristocracy, a sweetness, and it could blow away...It's one place in the country that doesn't eschew gentleness. The people are not put off by...just *goodness*."

He paused to let me take it in, and for the first time I associated, South Carolina and Spoleto with the blue butterflies on his face. "You have something here that is very delicate and tenuous," he concluded. "Maybe the bubble will break."

Indeed. What about the more lurid aspects of promotion and advertising? Increasing commercialism and trinket selling? Will rates go up to accomodate tourists? And what about the politics of the thing? Will our butterfly become fixed and wriggling by combatting agencies, parties, commercial groups, unions? Will it eventually get disgusted with turmoil and fly away? How easily *can* it be crushed? Can its wings be pulled off? Who knows? I suppose the matter is really up to us.

Meanwhile, let the clacking continue, because there *are* some things that are worth repeating.

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Sports

The Soccer Scene

Expanding beyond the secure, little pool

by Don Belt

It's a nice, secure little pond we soccer players have here in Columbia. Tadpolean armies in the Y League, budding teenage croakers on the high school level, sleek sassy bullfrogs in the college and amateur systems. Good players seek each other out for pickup games, everybody knows everybody else, and their moves.

You may have noticed that the horizon is slowly broadening. We've lately been treated to precious glimpses of the outside soccer world: the national coaching school, the ETV series, the remarkably conscientious coverage of the World Cup by local daily newspapers. The USC varsity program next year will undoubtedly stock the pond with fine new talents. Columbia, S.C., so long in the soccer boondocks, may soon be on the map. But the most important recent development is that the big boys in our neighborhood are finally seeking out a bigger pond, testing the water on the Olympic, professional and National levels.

You've already heard the story of our three intrepid hustlers who tried out for the Memphis Rogues in April (*Osceola*, May 11). In addition, Phil Savitz and David Swentor tried out in Atlanta for the U.S. Olympic team a few weeks ago; Phil was one of 25 players in the South--from Maryland to Texas--who were asked back this weekend for another look. And Columbians Jimbo Coutsos and Robert Shelton were among a handful of South Carolina players selected for a Junior National Team regional tryout, also held in Atlanta. Their experience is likewise noteworthy, but mainly because it reveals a particular problem with this isolated pond we Columbians have enjoyed up till now.

First of all, the talent at the junior national tryout was exceptional. The 90 candidates were composed of the very best young players from Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina, and included several who had already played on the junior national team. But Jimbo and Robert held their own, talent-wise: both made the first cut, which trimmed the field down to forty. At that point, something else became a factor. Tim Hankinson, who helped make the decisions along with George Kennedy (Belmont Abbey) and Jim Rudy (Florida Tech), put it this way:

"Our kids had as much natural ability and potential as any player who participated in the tryouts, including the junior national players. The difference was that our players haven't gotten nearly enough exposure to equal or superior talent; I think they were a little shell-shocked by the level of play, particularly the man-to-man marking. Confronted with a situation like this, a player either freezes up or rises to the occasion. And that's mostly a matter of experience, something you learn under pressure. Although Jimbo and Robert settled down and did well on Sunday, neither of them had any experience in dealing with that type of heavy situation. I'm sure they are both better players now because of it."

They are better players now. Exactly. We can learn a lot from an academic approach to things--books, advice, clinics, coaches, etc. We can practice skills to exhaustion and near-perfection. We can watch *Soccer: Made in Germany* until we're eating bratwurst and sauerkraut for a pre-game meal. But in soccer, like everything else, it's the "heavy situations" that make us grow. Unfortunately, we in Columbia (and the whole state, for that matter) still have to seek them out. Some suggestions:

Use the summer to track down better players to work against. Don't be shy. Soak up moves, ask questions, pick their brains. Try a soccer camp and make contact with the outside world: spend a few extra bucks and go to Florida, Virgina or Pennsylvania--where the competition is tough. Persuade your coach to hustle up a pre-season or holiday tour for your team (Irmo came back from their Christmas tournament in Florida--heavy situation--a much stronger, seasoned team).

If you're a casual player, no sweat; there are plenty of opportunities around to pick up a weekend game. But if you're *serious* about your soccer, take it to the limit. Don't settle for being just another long-legged leaper in another little pond.

Meanwhile, in Argentina: Defending champion West Germany, minus their star midfielder Heinz Flohe (FC Cologne) with a hamstring pull, is in deep trouble. It will take a minor miracle, namely a Holland-Italy draw and a big W. German win over Austria, to keep them in the World Cup after Wednesday. Italy and Holland are tied in points, with Holland ahead on goal difference. Austria is out.

In Group B, it looks like a photo-finish between Brazil and Argentina, tied in points, with Brazil one goal ahead. Poland still has about as much chance as West Germany to make the finals, but could be the spoiler for Brazil. Peru is out, although the score of their game with Argentina is of crucial importance.

A Holland-Brazil (?) Final would be a dazzling artistic spectacle. Wish we could see it without driving to Washington, D.C.

More good news from ETV: beginning Sunday, July 2, *Soccer: Made in Germany* will be shown at 5 p.m.. Spread the word.

Events Wednesday, June 21: World Cup Semifinal (Argentina)

Sunday, June 25: World Cup Final

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Sample Word Count

1	2|3	4	5	6 7	8	9	10	11
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Number of Issues	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
Up to 20 words	1.75	3.05	4.43	5.62	6.93	8.21
21 - 25 words	2.20	3.82	5.54	7.02	8.69	10.26
26 - 30 words	2.64	4.59	6.65	8.42	10.40	12.37
31 - 35 words	3.07	5.35	7.72	9.82	12.11	14.36
36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19.04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
71 - 75 words	6.58	11.45	16.58	21.06	25.97	

Legal Notices

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that not less than one day from the date of this Notice, the undersigned will apply to O. Frank Thornton, Secretary of State, for a charter for a non-profit corporation for social and educational purposes under the name of Richland County Co-operative Club with the principal place of business to be located at 1725 Gervais Street, Columbia, Soouth Carolina. The said not for profit corporation will be for the purpose of educating the community concerning economic and social conditions of Richland County and the surrounding areas and to provide an organization whereby citizens of Richland County can associate to promote and enhance the quality of life of all Richland County citizens.

Rev. J.S. Dial
Richland County
Cooperative Club
1725 Gervais Street
Columbia, South Carolina

7/6

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
Mildred F. Sweat,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Louis Thomas Sweat,
Respondent
IN THE FAMILY COURT FOR THE FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
78 DR 401457
SUMMONS

TO THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Petition on the subscriber at his office, 1817 Pickens Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

W. Rhett Eleazer
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
This 23 day of May, 1978.

John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court

6/29

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
Mildred F. Sweat,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Louis Thomas Sweat,
Respondent.
IN THE FAMILY COURT FOR THE FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
78 DR 401457
ORDER

AFTER READING THE AFFIDAVIT of W. Rhett Eleazer, Attorney for Petitioner herein, it is hereby

ORDERED that the Respondent, Louis Thomas Sweat, be served by publication, as authorized by Section 10-451 of the 1962 Code of Laws for South Carolina, and that a copy of the Summons be forthwith deposited in the mails, addressed to the last known address of the Respondent, or served upon the Respondent personally, if the same can be had, and that said publication shall be inserted in Osceola, a weekly newspaper of the County of Richland, State of South Carolina, not less than once a week for three (3) consecutive weeks.

John R. T. Major
C.C.C.P. & G.S. FOR RICHLAND COUNTY
Columbia, South Carolina
This 7th day of June, 1978.
6/29

SUMMONS
State of South Carolina,
County of Richland.
In the Family Court
Sheryl Mae Blizzard McKinney,
Petitioner,
-vs-
James Gerald McKinney,
Respondent.

To the Respondent Above-named:

You are hereby sumoned and required to answer the Petition in this action, a copy of which is herewith attached, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Petition on the subscribers at their office, Lexington, South Carolina, WITHIN TWENTY DAYS after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

AMICK & BONNETTE,
Attorneys for Petitioner.
Lexington, S.C.
May 12, 1978.
6/29

NOTICE

To the Respondent Above-named:

Take notice that the Petition in this action, together with the Summons, was filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County, South Carolina, on the 1st day of June, 1978.

AMICK & BONNETTE,
Attorneys for Petitioner.
Lexington, S.C.
June 5, 1978.
6/29

SUMMONS AND NOTICE
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT
DOCKET NO. 78-DR. 40-1256

Mary Ann Brelland,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Phillip Brelland,
Respondent.

TO: PHILLIP BRELLAND, RESPONDENT ABOVE:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition for Divorce in this action, the original of which was filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County, Columbia, South Carolina, on May 4, 1978.

You are also required to serve a copy of your Answer on the Petitioner's Attorney at 533-A Harden Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service of this Summons, exclusive of the day of service. If you do not answer the Petition within this period of time, the Petitioner will ask the Court to grant the relief requested in her Petition.

Edna Smith Primus
Attorney for Petitioner

John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court
May 10, 1978.
Columbia, South Carolina.

6/29

OUR LEGALS ARE LESS.

Counselors interested in our rates please call 254-6053

Great expectations in the Marco Polo Room

(Continued from Page 5)

outlining Riley's "jubilation" at Bryan Dorn's decision to endorse and work for him. Reed, smoking, smiled and nodded. "Has he said he would?" he asked. "Not yet," came the reply.

At midnight, when Riley showed dead even with Harvey on the tv, the room broke into a roar. By that time Ed Riley, Dick's father, was there greeting everyone who walked through the door. "Hi, there," grabbing you around the shoulders in what appeared to be a dangerous hold," anything I can do to increase your comfort or your pleasure, just let me know," then laughing a great belly-laugh, slugging you on the arm and launching you into the crowd while turning to tend to the entrant. Great stuff, the true grit of politics - the grab, the greeting and the parting salvo between the shoulders.

Amid the well-manicured crowd - there were scads of young, well-dressed women and men, a great many middle-aged couples in suits (but not the hideous straight-jacket uniforms sported by the Republicans across the hall at finch headquarters) and more than a handful of older people equally well-turned out-there was one person who, if he caught your attention, cut through all the hoopla, the high-gear ego-tripping, myopic fixations and crass inhumanity of politics in general to sort of bring things home.

He was a young black man, whose name I don't know because he can't talk. I used to see him trouping through Five Points selling *Black News*, limping with a crippled gait, a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

He'd approach you and hold out a copy of the paper with a questioning look. No words, just him standing there wobbling a bit in old clothes with a stack of papers, his sales pitch confined to a glance and a shrug. Then he'd be off again, loping through Five Points, and you had to hope he was getting along okay.

Well, he was there at Riley headquarters election night, there in the Marco Polo room on the second floor of the Carolina Inn rubbing shoulders with the politicos, the artists, the news junkies and the lawyers. His shoes were worn and scuffed and his feet were poised at odd angles. He wore an old olive-green army surplus shirt and a pair of baggy gray pants that had seen better days five years ago. No one paid him much attention; he spent most of the evening sitting in front of one of the tv's. If you asked him a question he'd nod or shrug in reply; a small brown Riley button was pinned to the collar of his shirt. And when they announced at midnight that Riley had pulled even with Harvey he let out a whoop that made his head dance, and threw his hands together.

He looked distinctly out of place there in the Marco Polo Room. But maybe now, after most of the bucks have been spent, the deals struck and the political analysts in their one-track worlds temporarily exhausted, maybe now is the time to resurrect this figure, this image, and put it at the center of what all this stuff is about. Careers, contacts, liasons and coups were being pursued in the Marco Polo room, but what did it have to do with this black man who used to make a living hawking newspapers? But he was there, rooting although he had nothing coming to him. Cheering someone who had never sought his influence because he has none.

It's not hard to get cynical. Even in the warm, jubilant atmosphere of the Marco Polo Room the sheer unreality of contemporary politics can creep into you like a sickness. the money involved, the disgusting packaging that goes under the false name of "communicating with the voters" and the arrogant blindness of so many politicos can cloud your vision if you let it, and make it hard to perceive that there is, in fact, a larger purpose to the whole thing.

I walked out onto Assembly street in the warm, humid early morning feeling better than when I had walked in.

Inside notes on the primaries

(Continued from Page 10)

enel should abandon his challenge to Strom Thurmond and return to his investment firm in Charleston. Ravenel collected 55 percent of the Democratic vote to defeat two political novices and one political retread in Tuesday's U.S. Senatorial primary.

Ravenel detractors are quick to say that he should have attracted 60 - 65 percent of the vote in order to have any chance of defeating Thurmond in the general election. Ravenel himself is satisfied with his vote total and still thinks he has an 80 percent chance to beat his GOP foe.

Who is right and who is wrong?

Probably both, on all counts. Thurmond supporters have, for the past four months, grasped every straw which indicates Ravenel is wasting his time. The 55 percent vote is not great, but is not bad either. As Ravenel campaign manager Beegie Truesdale indicated, many Democrats used the primary as a means of retribution against Ravenel's less-than-enthusiastic support of Bryan Dorn in 1974. Many will return to vote for him in November, and some will not.

Thurmond will get a good many Democratic votes, but Ravenel will receive considerable Republican-leaning support. Ravenel's base of support continues to be the populous urban, rather than rural areas of the state, and these areas have consistently voted Republican in recent general elections. In some areas, Thurmond allies turned out *en masse* to vote for Culbertson in an effort to discredit Ravenel's candidacy.

Culbertson spent the entire campaign lambasting Ravenel and espousing Thurmond's merits, while McElveen and Triplett sounded the "common man seeking elective office" theme.

Ravenel's showing might slow temporarily the flow of campaign money, but poses no significant threat. The real campaign between him and Thurmond has yet to start - and the contrasts between the two have yet to surface - and it promises to be the toughest challenge to the senior Senator since the days of Olin Johnston.

Look for Pug to do better in November than he did last Tuesday.

Give Blood Before You Go.

Born to Lose

The Humane Society of the United States

There are so many puppies and kittens born in this country that few of them find permanent homes. The rest of them lead lonely, suffering lives—often cut short under the wheels of a car or in the death room of a pound.

Don't be responsible for more suffering and needless death. Have your pet spayed or neutered.

A service of The Humane Society of the United States, Washington, D. C.

Cheap Shots

(Continued from Page 3)

sipping a cool lemonade with his left hand. All the while gazing sternly out a large plate-glass window onto Cape Town, the city built by White Men and now teeming with Bantu, Zulu and Xhosa. From this vantage point - certainly akin to that from the News and Courier building on Calhoun Street in Charleston, amid the city's slums - The Editor assesses the situation. Yes, he thinks; I understand. It's all so clear. Why do my fellow Americans persist in misunderstanding this great country?

So he returns to enlighten us. "There is hardly anything that seems to frustrate thinking South Africans more than what appears to them as the dangerously simplistic attitudes Americans take toward their country and their difficulties," we read. This, of course, is the first line of defense; the claim that only South Africans really grasp the problem, that all critics must be ignorant outsiders, naive and simplistic.

Wilcox goes on to argue that the cultural complexities of South Africa are vast; the implication being that some sort of separation based on race and culture is necessary because people can't get along. Has he ever taken note of the incredible cultural disparities this nation encompassed during its first hundred or so years? He notes that the different African native tribes speak different traditional tongues, as if Poles, Germans, Italians, Russians, Irish, Mexicans and Greeks weren't separated by language barriers when they came to this country! No, this is just the second line of defense, in which the apologist claims that peculiar problems of history and culture make both rational and moral approaches to the situation impossible.

Then we read that current American pressure on South Africa is misplaced, because it is ignorant of the intricacies mentioned in defenses one and two. Wilcox would have us believe that the Carter administration is "a little too self-righteous" in denouncing South African policy.

Sure, Bwana. What we need to do is take hands off, use complexity as an excuse for inaction and pretend apartheid is really in everybody's best interests. At least, it must look this way from the grand old Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town...

$4,618 A YEAR?

It's not a shame...it's a crime! Believe it or not the average South Carolinian only makes $4,618 a year. The reason is simple. Once again the old-line of back-room politicians fell down on their duty.

Look. Phillip Morris visited this state. They had money and jobs. But they were told, "Your pay scale's too high."

So now they're building a plant in North Carolina.

Haven't you had enough? Dick Riley has. He's running for Governor so that hard working people can finally have a chance at good-paying jobs. He's going to find more industry and here's how:

1. **Dick Riley wants to make sure that businesses go where the jobs are:** that people who need work, get work.
2. Dick Riley wants to put the Governor's Office on the move. It's simple. Businesses don't come to you - you go to them. From Seattle to Buffalo, from San Diego to Dallas, Dick Riley will be there. **He'll bring back markets, money and machines.**
3. **But looking for jobs is not enough.** Dick Riley intends to protect our textile workers. Already, as a private citizen, Dick Riley has met with President Carter to preserve over 200,000 South Carolina textile jobs.
4. We've got to do something on our end too. **Dick Riley has a plan:** The Rural Readiness Program. Too often the Federal Government has cut off small counties from receiving grants for the development of water and sewer systems.

Dick Riley says we can help ourselves. Since industry can't be located without water and sewerage, Dick Riley proposes that a Job Development Authority be formed to make loans to develop those systems.

Think about it.

"For over twenty-five years candidates for governor have promised the moon when they talked about jobs. We don't need the moon again. We just need an idea that works."

Dick Riley

ELECT DICK RILEY GOVERNOR!

Paid for by many South Carolinians who think it's time this state had a listener and a leader as its Governor. That's why they support Dick Riley.
James L. Hoyt, Treasurer